



PERIODICAL ROOM

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MEMOIR
OF
THADDEUS KOŚCIUSZKO
POLAND'S HERO AND PATRIOT
AN OFFICER IN THE AMERICAN ARMY OF THE REVOLUTION
AND
MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF THE CINCINNATI

BY
A. W. W. EVANS
FOR THE SOCIETY

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RES ARDUA VETUSTIS NOVITATUM DARE; NOVIS AUCTORITATEM; OBSOLETIS, NITOREM;
OBSCURIS, LUCEM; FASTIDITIS, GRATICUM; DUBIIS, FIDEM; OMNIBUS VERO NATURAM, ET
NATURAL SUA OMNIA.

ITAQUE ETIAM NON ASSECUTIS, VOLUISSE ABUNDE PULCHRUM VTQUE MAGNIFICUM EST.

(It is a difficult thing to give newness to old things, authority to new things, beauty to things out of use, fame to the obscure, favor to the hateful (or ugly), credit to the doubtful, nature to all and all to nature. To such, nevertheless as cannot attain to all these, it is greatly commendable and magnificent to have attempted the same

PLINY,—preface to his *Natural History*.

EDITOR'S PREFACE

NO such complete life of Kosciuszko has previously appeared in English. It was prepared for the Society of the Cincinnati, and as its circulation was confined to the members of the Society, it is scarce. The choice of Mr. Evans for its compiler was a happy one, as his grandfather was an intimate friend of the Polish hero, who spent much time at his residence in New Jersey.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

Jan. 1st, 1883.

TO JOHN SCHUYLER, Esq.,

Chairman of the Committee on Publications of the Society of the Cincinnati.

SIR:—Your letter of 31st ult. in reference to writing a memoir of Kosciuzsko for the new book of the Society of the Cincinnati was duly received. I will undertake the task, although feeling incompetent to portray in all the brilliant light it deserves, the life and character of one so pure, so heroic, and so patriotic. He was the warm personal friend of my grandfather through the war of the Revolution, and in after years.

As a boy, I heard his praises sung and accounts of his deeds in war related by my grandmother, who considered him second only to Washington.

I will with pleasure jot down reminiscences of stories and historical points in his life, believing that they will be read with interest by those who take pleasure in studying the pages of history, that tell of the deeds and sacrifices of "Our Fathers of the Revolution," "The Founders of the Nation," "The Immortals of the Republic," "The men who formed the Society of the Cincinnati," of which he was an honored member, and proud in being one, for he wore on his breast the decoration of the Society, in the bloodiest battles he fought for his own country.

If I, in my enthusiasm for the character of the Polish chief, shou'd extend the story beyond the limits at your disposal for any one memoir, in the new book, which is to hold nearly three hundred others, cut it down to the required dimensions. The subject is interesting, and will, I am sure, be read with pleasure by the members of the Cincinnati, who should be proud of having on their roll the name of so true a man and soldier as that of the illustrious Kosciuszko. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

ANTHONY WALTON WHITE EVANS.

MEMOIR OF KOSCIUSZKO.

AMONG the men of modern times there was, perhaps, in Europe none whose fame was more brilliant, whose patriotism was more pure, and whose character for fierce bravery, gentle acts and virtuous conduct through life, was more unsullied than that of Thaddeus Kosciuszko. His name is enshrined in the ruins of his unhappy country, which, with heroic bravery and devotion, he sought to defend against foreign oppression and domination.

He was born February 12th, 1746, in Lithuania, of an ancient and noble family, at the chateau of Mercez-Wczyzua—a dependence of Sienniewicze, near Brezesc-Litenski. To be the son of a noble in those days, was to be born to arms, and to become a soldier. At the age of eighteen he graduated from the cadet college at Warsaw, where he proved himself to be a brilliant student in all branches. He was selected by the King to be sent to France for a still higher education. As an Engineer, he first studied at Versailles, and then in Paris, afterwards going to Brest and other ports; he had a chance to study during construction the great fortifications and works of Marshal Vauban, who was the greatest military engineer of his time. Kosciuszko also visited England, and after seven years spent in study returned to Poland, received a commission as captain, and was placed in charge of fortifications and restorations at Cracow. While there he was solicited to become Professor of Mathematics, by the eminent scholar, Hugo Kottataj, the chief of the old University founded in 1370. This high position for a man of twenty-eight was refused.

Early in 1776, he was on duty near the castle of Somowice, in a manor of that name, belonging to the rich and proud Marshal of Lithuania, the Palatine Sosnowski*, a relative of our hero, who soon fell deeply in love with Louise, the young and favorite daughter of this great officer of State. The haughty parents rejected with scorn the poor young nobleman, an elopement was the consequence, the lovers escaped in the night and were close to the goal of their wishes, when the father with his armed minions overtook them; a combat ensued. Kosciuszko defended himself and his lady love with lion-hearted courage, but one against many could not prevail; he sank wounded to the ground and was left for dead by the imperious father, who carried off in triumph his daughter to his stronghold.

When Kosciuszko awoke to consciousness all that he found of his beloved was a handkerchief stained with his blood. Forty years afterwards, when he died, his body was found covered with grievous wounds, and that handkerchief was found next to his heart, where it had a resting-place during the tempests of the ocean passage; during the struggle of our Revolution; during his glorious triumphs in battles for his country's life; during the sad hours of defeat, and the long weary years of dungeon life; during his second visit to America; during his long years of exile in France, and during the many rides in storm and sunshine which he took daily for two years when the guest of the Ambassador Zeltner, up into the mountains to carry money and comforts to the poor Swiss peasants, who learned to look upon him as their savior, and whose children cherish his memory to the present day, and in their simple but honest way pray for the repose of his soul. In their country is to be found the only spot in Europe where a Polish museum would be allowed. Count Plater, the leader of the last revolution in Poland, is the director and founder of a Polish museum at Rapper-

*Or Sotnowska

schwyl, a small town at the foot of the Lake of Zurich, where he has all that he could collect of the relics of Poland; among them some papers of Kosciuszko and many little things that belonged to him. This museum is in an old castle on the rocks built six hundred years ago by one of the Dukes of Albrecht, on the ruins of an old Roman castle. I was shown there many interesting papers and things connected with Poland, once one of the greatest and most feared countries of Europe, for in its palmy days it was larger than France and Spain combined. It was the birth-place of Copernicus, the first of the human family whose brain could dive into the mysteries of the universe, grasp the true movements that governed it, and reveal to man, in spite of the revilings and threats of the Church and the people, knowledge of the greatest importance to science and progress.

The reverence which the Poles show to the memory of Kosciuszko is quite touching; I have met them in Warsaw, and in nearly all of the great cities of Europe. Over forty years ago, I had three Polish officers (victims of the Revolution of 1830), as assistants in an engineer corps, and at home or abroad, when I showed any of them the eagle of the "Cincinnati" which Kosciuszko wore on his breast in battle, during the glorious hours of triumph and the sad, dark hours of defeat, they always kissed it, while tears stood in their eyes. (On his return to Europe in 1798, as a memento of friendship, he exchanged Eagles with my grandfather.)

In the Polish museum at Rapperschwyl, among ancient arms and the swords of the distinguished dead of Poland, and relics of Kosciuszko, is a large painting showing him leading his men in the last great battle; it is by a Polish officer who was in many of the battles. Kosciuszko is represented as in the midst of terrible carnage, in front urging on his men, with sword outstretched, his helmet gone, his eyes staring as if ready to jump from their sockets, his mouth open as if shouting a command, while every feature of his face is lit up with fierceness, fury and determination. With

such a leader it was no wonder that his faithful legions, always brave, were ready to plunge into the thickest of the fight to do or die.

But to return to his early life: after the loss of his lady-love he resigned his commission in the Polish army. Hearing of the preparations for war in the colonies of America he hastened to Paris, obtained a letter from Franklin, came to America, and sought the camp of Washington, who asked him his wishes: he said, "to fight for Liberty." Washington asked him what he could do; he said, "Try me, I am ready to do anything."

Washington was at once taken with his dash, and placed him on his staff, as an aid (my grandfather being on Washington's staff in the camp at Cambridge, they became fast friends, and remained so through life). Washington finding that he had received a scientific education, and was well learned in the art of fortification, soon gave him a commission as Chief-Engineer.

His first work as an engineer was with General Schuyler and afterwards with General Gates at Saratoga. From the writings of Washington, edited by Sparks, I gather most of the following: Washington often speaks of Kosciuszko; mentions his being appointed Engineer of Continental service, October 18th, 1776; of his being employed at Ticonderoga and Mount Independence, and afterwards in the army of Generals Schuyler and Gates; of his selecting Moses Creek, four miles below Fort Edward, as a point to check the advance of General Burgoyne; of his planning the entrenchment for the American army at Bemis Heights, and for this Washington praised him. After the battle of Saratoga, he was placed in charge of the fortifications at West Point, relieving, by order of Washington, March 14th, 1778, Colonel Radière. Fort Putnam had been commenced, but he built and completed it.

The map of West Point made by Major Villefranche at the time, shows eleven forts at that strategic position, but how many

of them were built by Kosciuszko it is difficult to say; he probably had the direction of all of them. He gave so much satisfaction to the people at West Point, that General Parsons and Governor Clinton joined in desiring that he might be continued there, and Washington in a dispatch says: "To his care and sedulous appreciation, the American people are indebted for the defenses of West Point."

In September 1778, Kosciuszko acted as second to General Gates, in a duel fought at Yorktown with General Wilkinson. This duel caused much bad blood among all concerned, and came near resulting in a duel between Kosciuszko and Colonel John Carter, the second of Wilkinson.

In August 1780, Washington offered Kosciuszko the appointment of Engineer in the army of the South, under General Greene, which he accepted with thanks. In writing to General Gates under date of August 12th, 1780 Washington says:—

"I have taken the opportunity of writing by Colonel Kosciuszko, with whom I part reluctantly, as I have experienced great satisfaction from his general conduct and particularly from the attention and zeal with which he has prosecuted the works committed to his charge at West Point."

West Point, now the seat of the United States Military Academy that has added so much to the lustre of American arms in two great wars, is situated in the Highlands at a sharp bend in the majestic Hudson. On the slope from the elevated parade ground to the river is a piece called "Kosciuszko's Garden." At the head of this, on a spot commanding a grand view of the beautiful river and mountains for many miles, is a simple but elegant monument erected in 1828, to the memory of Kosciuszko by the corps of Cadets, at a cost of five thousand dollars.

Kosciuszko served with distinction in the South, in Georgia and Carolina; he directed the siege lines and approaches at Nine-

ty-Six, and remained in active service to the end of the war, proving himself to be an efficient and valuable officer in every position in which he was placed; his gentlemanly conduct and chivalric disposition won for him many friends among the first officers of the Revolution. On the 13th of October, 1783, he was raised to the rank of Brigadier-General on the recommendation of Washington, "*for long, faithful and honorable services in the American Army.*" Soon after this, the war being over, he returned to Europe with his fast friend Count Niemcewicz, the Polish poet, who was his college companion, followed his fortunes to America, was his aid in his great battles, was his fellow prisoner in Russia, returned with him to America, where he married, and again joined his old friend when an exile in France.

Kosciuszko lived in retirement in Poland until 1789, when the Diet made him a Major-General on discovering that foreign powers were plotting to overthrow Poland. The weakness of the King (Stanislas Poniatowski) rendered it impossible to sustain the independence of the country; he had bound himself to sanction the Diet of Grodno, which restored the ancient constitution with all its vices and all its abuses. In the meanwhile Frederick William of Prussia, who had given the Poles assurances of assistance if attacked by Russia or Austria, basely deserted them, and stood aloof waiting to see what share of the spoil the haughty Empress of the North would give him, as a reward for his non-interference.

But, though thus betrayed on all sides, the Poles had too much fire in them to submit without a struggle; they flew to arms, and found in the nephew of their King, the young Prince Joseph Poniatowski, a general worthy to conduct them in so glorious a cause. Under his command Kosciuszko first became known in European warfare. He distinguished himself in the battle of Zielence, June 18th, 1792, and still more in the battle of Dubienska, which was fought July 17th, 1792. In this battle he defended for six hours,

with only 4,000 men, against 15,000 Russians, a post which had been but slightly fortified in one day, and at last retired with very small loss. This contest was too unequal, the patriots found themselves surrounded by enemies from without and by traitors within, at the head of whom was their own sovereign.

The Russians took possession of Lithuania, and whatever suited their convenience, while Prussia, *the friendly Prussia*, invaded another part of the Kingdom.

This was too much for the lofty patriotism of the officers of the Polish Army; the most distinguished retired in indignation and disgust from the service, to Germany and France. Kosciuszko, made miserable at the fate of his unhappy country, retired to Leipsic, where he was when the Legislative Assembly of France made him a French citizen.

The Poles, the brave Poles, in whose bosom the fires of patriotism and love of liberty still burnt bright, were anxious for another struggle, never stopping to count the fearful odds arrayed against them. Early in 1794 they met and made Kosciuszko their Generalissimo with dictatorial powers. He obeyed the call and found the patriots eager to combat under his orders; even the noble Joseph Poniatowski, who was previously Commander-in-Chief, returned from France, and took command under him.

The patriots had risen in the North where Kosciuszko had first directed his steps. Anxious to begin his campaign with vigor, he marched rapidly on Cracow, which city he entered triumphantly on March 24th, 1794.

He at once published a manifesto against the Russians, and then at the head of only 5,000 men, without cavalry or artillery, he marched to meet their army.

On the 4th of April he encountered at Wraclawice, ten thousand Russians, and entirely defeated them after a bloody combat of four hours. He returned in triumph to Cracow.

The inhabitants of Warsaw, stirred to acts of daring by the heroic deeds of their countrymen, at once raised the standard of independence, and were successful in driving the Russians from their city after a murderous conflict of three days. In Lithuania and Samogitia an equally successful revolution was effected before the end of April. The Polish troops in Volhynia and Podolia marched to reinforce Kosciuszko.

To this time fortune seemed to smile on the cause, but the scene was destined to a change. Kosciuszko formed a national council to conduct the affairs of Government, and as soon as possible advanced against the Russians. On his march he met a new enemy, in the person of the faithless Frederick William of Prussia, who not even having gone through the form of declaring war, had marched an army of 40,000 men into Poland. Kosciuszko with but 13,000 men, attacked the Prussian army on the 8th of June at Szekociny.

The battle was long and bloody; the sword and the battle axe made hecatombs of the dead, Kosciuszko had two horses killed under him, but still the fight went on, until overwhelmed by numbers he was obliged to retreat on Warsaw. This he effected in so masterly a manner that his enemies did not dare to harass him in his march; he effectually covered the capital, and maintained his position for two months against vigorous and repeated attacks. This wonderful retreat and the ability he displayed in holding the capital, gave Kosciuszko as much fame and reputation as if he had won a great battle. Some Russians joining the Prussians, in all amounting to 50,000 men, they again assembled under the walls of Warsaw and commenced a siege of the city. After six weeks of bloody conflicts, the confederates were obliged to raise the siege.

During all this time Kosciuszko proved himself to be master of the situation, and for awhile held them as with a grip of iron,

while he had at the same time to keep in check a furious populace inside, much given to great excesses.

Warsaw's last champion from his height surveyed,
Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid—
'Oh! Heaven!' he cried, 'my bleeding country save;
Is there no hand on high to shield the brave?
Yet though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise fellow men! our country yet remains!
By that dread name, we wave the sword on high;
And swear, for her to live, with her to die.'

He said, and on the rampart heights, arrayed
His trusty warriors few, but undismay'd,
Firm-pac'd and slow, a horrid front they form,
Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm;
Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
'Revenge or death,' the watchword and reply;
Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm,
And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm.

Before Kosciuszko could complete his preparations to ride over this allied army rough-shod, they disappeared from the walls of Warsaw. Austria now determined to assist in the annihilation of Poland, and caused a body of her troops to enter that kingdom. At the same moment the Russians ravaged Lithuania, and Kosciuszko saw two corps of the Russian army, commanded by Suwarrow and Fersen, marching to effect a junction before he could leave the capital to try to prevent it.

On receiving this intelligence he placed himself at the head of the Polish army. He was attacked by the superior force of the Russians and Prussians on the 10th of October, 1794, at Maciejowice,* and for many hours supported the combat against overwhelming odds.

Intending to attack Fersen, and hoping to be supported during the action by Poninski, his plan becoming known to the Russians, they attacked him; twice he repelled the attacks and re-

*Or Macejowice

pulsed the enemy, success was wavering at the third, when Suwarow's corps, superior in numbers, discipline and ammunition, appeared on the field. The Polish infantry could not withstand the charge. In the hottest part of the engagement Kosciuszko had three horses killed under him. Mounting again, and at the head of his principal officers, he made a grand charge into the midst of the enemy. Again his horse was killed, as were most of his officers, others were taken prisoners, among them his inseparable friend, the amiable Count Niemcewicz. At last exhausted and bleeding, he fell by the lance of a Cossack, and a sabre cut across his forehead.

In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!
 From rank to rank your volley'd thunder flew;
 Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
 Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear;
 Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career.
 Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And freedom shrieked—as Kosciuszko fell!

—*Campbell.*

The great man lay senseless among the dead; at length he was recognized, notwithstanding the plainness of his uniform; he was found to breathe. His name even now commanded respect. The Cossacks made a litter of their lances and carried him to the general, who ordered his wounds to be cared for, and that he should be treated with the respect his distinguished position merited. (See Appendix A.)

As soon as he could be carried, he was, by the order of the tigress Catherine, sent to St. Petersburg, where she condemned this noble patriot to end his days in prison. She thought probably—

I had rather be a toad
 And live upon the vapor of a dungeon.

Clemency was not to be expected from a woman who had murdered

her husband. He was confined in a dungeon in the castle "Gregory-Orloff," where he remained two years as a State prisoner, and until the death of Catherine, November 6th, 1796.

When Paul became Czar of Russia, one of the first things he did, was to remove the guard from the Castle Orloff. He sent messengers to Siberia with passports for twelve thousand Poles confined there, and also money to bring them home.

He then went to the prison of his illustrious captive, accompanied by his two sons, the grand dukes Alexander and Constantine. Now comes the time that tried the patriot's soul, a time when the distinguished greatness of Kosciuszko stood out in its meridian splendor. The Emperor gave him his liberty unconditionally and loaded him with gifts of lands, serfs, money and honors (he afterwards placed a large sum to his credit, in the banking-house of Thompson, Bonard & Co., of London, which remained there until it had doubled); he took off his sword and pressed it on him; Kosciuszko refused it, saying: "I have no use for a sword, I have no longer any country to defend." The Emperor offered him a high command in his army, but the noble soul of Washington's friend very modestly and courteously refused the glittering offers, saying: "I have never fought except in the cause of human freedom, in America and Poland, and I can never serve in any other cause."

Oh! Freedom! Valor! Resignation! here,
Pay to your godlike son the sacred tear,
Weave the proud laurel for his suffering brow,
And in a world's wide pity, steep the bough.

Kosciuszko's wounds were still open and unhealed when set at liberty. He at once started for England. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for May 30th, 1797, in noticing his arrival, says: "The gallant General Kosciuszko arrived in the river Thames on board of a Swedish vessel, attended by many Polish officers, who are going with him to America. He is incurably wounded in the

head, has three bayonet wounds in the back, and a part of his thigh carried away by a cannon shot; his wounds are such that he cannot move himself without excruciating torture; he amuses his leisure hours with drawing landscapes. He speaks with the most lively gratitude of the present Emperor of Russia, and complains that his wounds were long neglected, after he was made prisoner."

He found himself a great "lion" on his arrival in London; he was loaded with presents by the ladies, all of which, if of value, he returned to the donors. A ring which the Duchess of Devonshire put on his finger, he gave to Mrs. General White. With gaping wounds, unable to walk and with a mind ill at ease, he did not care for nor enjoy the festivities of the great and gay, of the world of fashion.

He hurried away from worldly London, and the glare and gorgeousness of "lion-hunters," to seek for a time rest and quiet comfort in the house of an old friend (an uncle of Mrs. General White), Elias Vanderhorst, formerly of South Carolina, who lived in Bristol. (See Appendix B.)

"On the Polish Chief's visit to the city becoming known" (I quote from the chronicles of that day), "the Sheriffs and Colonel Sir George Thomas, commanding a regiment of Dragoons in the vicinity, went out with all the military in procession to meet him, and give him an honored welcome to Bristol. Crowds of the neighboring gentry, in carriages or on horseback, thronged the cavalcade, in which was Rufus King, the United States Minister and Colonel Trumbull, the soldier painter and compeer of Kosciuszko. On each day while Kosciuszko remained in Bristol, crowds of enthusiastic visitants congregated in the square to catch a glimpse of the Polish Hero.

Colonel Thomas sent each night his military band to the hall of Mr. Vanderhorst, to regale the honor-oppressed invalid with

martial airs from every land where a soldier's banner had waved. Kosciuszko was received on the 7th of June, 1797, at the superb mansion in Queen's Square, in the open arms of his old friend, Mr. Vanderhorst, and the blushing cheeks of his two lovely daughters. Kosciuszko spent a week with his friend, a week heavily laden with attentions, and then, from the state of his unhealed wounds, he was obliged to be carried to the quay in a Sedan chair, surrounded by British officers in uniform, carrying their helmets, and followed by Mr. Vanderhorst and a host of the hero's admiring friends, to the water's edge. There he was placed in a large and well-manned boat, and there the welcomed guest took a grateful leave of the friends who were his escort.

As the boat with its precious burden glided into the stream, all heads were uncovered, all handkerchiefs and hats were waved, and from cliff to cliff the rocks of St. Vincent were made to resound with the brave cheers that came from warm-hearted friends.

All along the river, as the barge proceeded down, it was met by pretty skiffs from each of the many beautiful villas that line the banks of the Avon, bringing votive gifts of fruits and flowers to the brave voyagers on board.

Soon the barge ran out into 'King's Road,' in the Severn, to the ship which was to carry the Polish Chief to America, and he was once more placed under the "Stars and Stripes;" that bright emblem of a free country, that his own volunteer arm had assisted to place at the mast-head of ships that plough the waters of every sea, and that, while it spreads itself to the breeze in every port in the world, is respected and protected, for all know its mission is peace and good will among men. (See Appendix C.)

Kosciuszko and his ever-faithful friend, Count Niemcewicz, arrived after a pleasant voyage. He visited Washington in Philadelphia, and was received with a warrior's honors by his old chief. After remaining with him some days, distressed by too much and

too many attentions, as he was still a sufferer from his wounds, he went to the house of his old comrade-in-arms, General Anthony Walton White, on the Raritan, in New Jersey, where he remained during most of the winter of 1797 and 1798. He spent nearly all his time reclining on a sofa, sketching with pencil, and painting in water-colors and India ink fancy pieces, which when finished he threw on the floor to be gathered by Mrs. General White, who gave them to friends. Generosity appears to have been one of the leading traits of his character; he had brought from Russia some very rich and valuable furs, presents from the Emperor; these he gave to Thomas Jefferson and Mrs. General White, also a lot of trinkets, among which was a necklace of vegetable coral from Siberia; it must have been rare. I hunted in St. Petersburg for specimens of it without success.

Kosciuszko's life on the Raritan was uneventful. Many of his old comrades-in-arms during the Revolutionary struggle came from distant parts to see the hero of Poland, the man who had made his name and fame resound throughout every civilized land in the world, the man who was enshrined in the hearts of every lover of liberty, as the ardent patriot, the sagacious strategist, the lion-hearted hero.

He appeared to have some magnetic property about him, for he endeared himself to all he met, and the attachment remained through life. I used to sit as a boy, and listen with rapt attention while my grandmother (who was of the fiery, but kind and genial blood of the Huguenots of South Carolina) told her personal reminiscences of Kosciuszko, tales oft repeated, and never got tired of by relater or listener. I attach copies of two of the letters, now in my possession, of the Polish Chief, (see Appendix D,) which are interesting as showing the generous and kindly spirit of the man, a spirit that was composed of the lion and the lamb, lying down together in his bosom. He used to wear around his head a black

ribbon, to hide the scar of a ghastly sabre cut across his forehead. On the 23d of January, 1798, Congress liberally rewarded his valuable services in the American revolution, by giving him the principal and interest of five years' service, amounting to twenty thousand dollars. Being mild, simple and unostentatious in his dress, manners, taste and language, being a good classic scholar, spending much of his time in reading his favorite authors, Tacitus, Plutarch, Aristides, Timoleon, &c., he soon became a great favorite of Thomas Jefferson; this friendship was mutual, for in his letters to Jefferson, he calls him "*his dear Aristides.*"

Jefferson, in a letter to General Gates, February 21st, 1798, speaks of seeing Kosciuszko often, and with great pleasure, and says, "He is as pure a son of liberty as I have ever known, and of that liberty which is to go to all, and not to the few and rich alone."

On his return to Europe Jefferson obtained for him passports from the foreign ministers, under the name of Thomas Kamberg, a native of the north of Europe, and vouched for his political innocence.

In the spring of 1798 he received a package of letters from Europe; on reading one he became greatly excited, and sprang from his couch into the middle of the room; until then he had not moved without assistance, and then he had to call for his valet to help him back to his couch. He did not mention the cause of his excitement to any one, but said to General White, "I must return at once to Europe." Preparations were made, and he left the house of his old comrade in May, letting only two or three of his intimate friends know of his going. Jefferson, in a letter to him of June 1st, says, "I hope you passed the cruising grounds quickly, and that you have safely arrived at the term of your journey; your departure is not known or even suspected."

Before leaving America Kosciuszko made a will bequeathing the money and lands given to him by the United States Govern-

ment, to be used in the emancipation and education of the negroes in Virginia. This will was left with Jefferson, and on the death of Kosciuszko, Jefferson had it proved and recorded. Being old Jefferson refused to act as executor, and Tobias Lear, formerly Secretary of Washington, was made executor.

In 1823, the heirs at law of Kosciuszko commenced a suit in the United States courts to recover these moneys and lands. The Supreme Court decided that this will was null and void, another will having been made in 1816. After much litigation through years, the lawyers representing the heirs had paid to them, April 11th, 1853, the sum of \$34,132.15 to be divided; this left a balance, which probably was recovered and divided among the heirs.

The city of Columbus, the capital of Ohio, now stands chiefly on the lands given to Kosciuszko. (See Appendix E.)

In a letter of February 21st, 1799, Jefferson says to him: "On politics I must write sparingly, lest it fall into the hands of persons who do not love either you or me." After speaking of the probabilities of war, he says: "If war takes place Republicanism has everything to fear; if peace, be assured that your forebodings and my alarms will prove vain, and that the spirit of our citizens, now rising as rapidly as it was then running crazy, and rising with a strength and majesty which show the loveliness of freedom, will make this government in practice, what it is in principle, a model for the protection of man in a state of *freedom* and *order*. May Heaven have in store for your country a restoration of these blessings, and you be destined as the instrument it will use for that purpose. But if this be forbidden by fate, I hope we shall be able to preserve here an asylum where your love of liberty and disinterested patriotism will be forever protected and honored, and where you will find in the hearts of the American people, a good portion of that esteem and affection which glow in the bosom of the friend who writes this."

Kosciuszko was received with great distinction in France, and lived there for the next fifteen years in quiet, and often in retirement, at the Chateau de Berville, near Fontainebleau, with his friend Zeltner, the former Landvogt of Lugano, who was the ambassador of Switzerland to the French Republic.

While France was under the banners of a republic, many Poles served in the French army in Italy. They found in the shrine of the Casa-di-Loretto, the sword of Sobieski, and sent it to Kosciuszko, as the only man living worthy of such an inheritance. (See Appendix F.)

In 1807, when Napoleon was preparing his expedition against Russia, wishing Kosciuszko to lend his influence to his schemes, he sent his Minister Fouché to sound him. After introducing himself, he said the Emperor was convinced that the Polish nation could be of the greatest service to him, and as Kosciuszko was first in the eyes and hearts of his countrymen, he wished him to accompany him on the expedition. Kosciuszko knowing the heart of the crafty Emperor, replied that he was aware that Poland could contribute greatly to the success of the expedition, and he did not doubt the will of his countrymen to support the Emperor, if he could win their affections; and said he would speak to his nation if Napoleon would give him some assurance of being grateful for the assistance to be rendered, and in view of this he would ask what his Majesty intended to do for his native country in return.

“I must confess, General,” said Fouché, “that your answer astonishes me; everybody knows that the slightest wish of my august Sovereign is looked upon by every one, even by princes, as an order, and complied with accordingly. His Majesty may command you to accompany him anywhere where he may intend to make use of your services.”

“Your excellency will please assure his majesty,” replied Kosciuszko with dignity, “that I am perfectly aware of my position. I am at present his majesty’s subject, he can drag me with him, but I doubt if by doing so, either I or my nation can render him much service, but under reciprocal favors, I and my nation are ready to aid him.”

Upon this fearless answer, Fouché replied excitedly, “I only wish, General, that you may never repent your refusal.”

Kosciuszko could see through the selfish schemes of the Emperor, who was ready to receive a service but not to pay for it; nay, worse than that, the Emperor was ready to receive the services and the best blood of Poland, and enslave them afterwards. Emperors are not much known in history for their benevolence or generosity. It was so with the Emperor Leopold, after Sobieski had saved him and his country; instead of clasping him to his bosom as his savior, and blushing at his own cowardice, he received the King with coolness and actual insult; his empire was saved, he required no further aid, and he took care to exhibit no further gratitude.

Napoleon, when passing through Poland, on his way to Russia, forged the name of Kosciuszko to a proclamation, and published it, deceiving the Poles most shamefully, and for years prevented Kosciuszko from denying it.

All Emperors, however, are not alike. When the Emperor Alexander was in Paris, after the fall of Napoleon, he paid Kosciuszko a visit; they discussed Polish affairs; Kosciuszko begged the Emperor to be kind to the Poles, to declare himself their ruler, govern them like a father, and they would remain his faithful subjects. Alexander promised him he would do everything in his power for Poland, but that he also desired a favor, and that in return he would do anything else that Kosciuszko desired. The General declared that he was ready to do all the Emperor might ask.

“Well then you will do me the favor,” said Alexander, “to be reconciled with the spirit of my deceased father, the Emperor Paul, by accepting the little present he bestowed on you when he ascended the throne, and gave you your liberty, but which you have steadfastly refused to this day.”

(This money which Kosciuszko now accepted at the hands of Alexander, had never been withdrawn from the bankers in London. The Emperor was gratified to find he would accept it, and asked what further favor he could grant.)

“Your Majesty,” said Kosciuszko, “has just now placed me in a situation which excludes all further wishes as to myself, but as your Majesty insists that I should ask another favor, I beg to recommend to your notice the noble and worthy family of Zeltner, to whom I owe very much. They received me as a poor exile, rendered relief to my broken constitution, have taken care of me with devotion and friendship, and have made me happy by the kindness they have shown me. I know that I can never repay them.”

Alexander replied, “I will take the kindness of the Zeltner family to you, as shown to myself;” and at once ordered his secretary to see that an estate in Poland should be presented to Zeltner, in any district he might name.

Some time after this interview, Alexander desiring another conference with Kosciuszko upon Polish affairs, bade him follow him to Vienna, and further, if he had left that city. Catching up with the Emperor on the borders of Galicia, he held his final conference, and then retired to Soleure, in Switzerland, to spend the remainder of his days in peace and retirement, with his friends the Zeltners.

For some years before the final overthrow of Napoleon, the whereabouts of Kosciuszko, and even his existence, were unknown

in Poland; news and records did not in those days travel by lightning as they do now. Many believed that their hero was dead.

When the Russians in 1814 penetrated into Champagne, and were pillaging the rich valley of the Seine as they advanced toward Paris, and were plundering the commune in which Kosciuszko lived, near Fontainebleau, committing excesses of the most cruel nature, and burning the houses of the poor peasantry, Kosciuszko observed among the troops thus engaged, a Polish regiment.

Transported with anger, he rushed in among them, and in his native tongue, addressing the officers, said: "When I commanded brave soldiers, they never pillaged; I should have punished them severely, and still more severely would I have punished officers who allowed such disorders as you are all now engaged in."

With a sneer and derisive laugh, they cried out: "And who are you, my pretty old man, that you dare to speak to us in that tone, and with so much boldness?"

"I am Kosciuszko," was the quick reply. If the lightnings of Heaven had descended on their heads, and fixed each man to the spot he stood upon, they could not have been more paralyzed; there stood before them with flashing eyes, the hero of their mothers' nursery tales, the god of their dreams as boys, the incarnate spirit of the idol of Poland. They threw down their arms, then threw themselves on the ground and put dust on their heads, according to a Sarmatian custom. They crept to him and hugged his knees, begging to be forgiven and pardoned. It must have been an affecting scene. It showed that his name still retained its ancient power over Polish hearts, a power never used but for some good and generous end.

The life of Kosciuszko at Soleure, in the house of his friend Zeltner, was uneventful; he spent his time and his entire income in charity. Every day he rode long distances into the Jura moun-

tains, to hunt up cases of charity among the poor peasantry, always carrying a couple of bottles of generous old wine for the sick. He never passed a poor man without stopping to give him a few batzen (cents), the lowest he ever gave—he generally gave one or two dollars. His horse soon became used to his master's ways and wishes, and stopped every time he saw a poor man. On one occasion he sent young Zeltner to carry a message, and told him to ride his horse; he soon found he could not get the horse past a poor man until he had opened his purse and before he got home he found himself cleaned out of all his cash.

Early in 1817 there was a famine in the mountains near Sol-eure, and there was so much suffering among the poor, that Kosciuszko rode up into the mountains every day, rain or shine, making himself acquainted with the wants of every family.

The income from the Emperor's gift was a Godsend to those people; he distributed it with a free hand, and when it was all gone he became melancholy, returning from his trips into the mountains sorry and downhearted. The Zeltners could not divine the cause, but as he had made confidants of them in many things, they decided to interview him as to the cause of his unhappiness. He told them of his having given away all his money, and of there being still many suffering for want of bread and common necessaries; also that it would be six weeks before he would again receive money from England. This disclosure was made to Madame Zeltner, who had been entrusted with this delicate commission. The family decided to bring a pressure on the "grand old man," and force him to accept a loan. He could not refuse them, so with his pockets once more filled with money, and his heart made happy, he again started for the mountains to dispense charity, and make others happy. The story of his labors among the poor is most interesting, but too long to introduce here.

He led a very quiet and modest life at Soleure, rising at five in summer and six in winter; made his own coffee, read the paper, fed his pet bird that perched on his shoulder, then taught his god-child, Thadee Emilie Zeltner, whose entire education he took on himself (she is said to have grown up a splendid woman, married Count Giovanni Morosini, and is, I believe, still living at Milan). He rode every day on his mission of mercy. He was a lover of art, and quite an artist himself, but refused to allow any one to paint him, or chisel him out of marble; so all the pictures of him were made from memory, by artists who managed to fix his face on the retina of their eyes. Zeltner had got a clever Swiss artist, Eggenschwiler, to study his face and head at the Opera in Paris; he had nearly completed three busts of the General. Kosciuszko had heard of Eggenschwiler as a promising young artist, and asked his friend to introduce him at the sculptor's studio. They took the artist by surprise; he tried to hide the busts with his person, and turn their attention to other works, but Kosciuszko at once detected the likeness to himself, and in his anger that such a thing should be done, shattered two of them with his cane; the artist protected the third with his person, and explained that he had only executed the order of Zeltner, and begged him to spare the bust; he spared it, on Eggenschwiler promising that he would never try his hand at it again. The bust was given to Zeltner. (See Appendix G.)

With his friend Zeltner, Kosciuszko visited all parts of Switzerland to study their admirable systems of education.

Not a great while before he died two incidents or meetings occurred, which shed a ray of light into his quiet life. A noble Polish lady banished herself to the cloistered walls of a convent at Soleure; Kosciuszko hearing of it, paid her a visit *incognito*, and conversed with her in their mother tongue. Suddenly the nun started as if awakening from a dream, her face kindled with enthusiasm, spring-

ing up, she exclaimed: "You are Kosciuszko! When I was a young girl I saw your portrait, which all the ladies wore in a locket on their breasts. There can be on earth no other face in whose features are blended so much of majesty and magnanimity as in those of the great Naczelnik."

The second meeting was the visit which the Princess Lubomirska (who was the head of one of the highest families of Poland), paid him at Zeltner's, when on the way to Italy, and which at his request was prolonged for some weeks. Her great powers of conversation, her amiability and sparkling gaiety, shed a lustre of happiness over the last days of his life. On reaching Lausanne, she sent him a ring bearing the inscription:

"L'Amitié à la Vertu."

Filled with forebodings of his approaching end Kosciuszko took one more step, which excited the admiration of all Europe, and by which he manifested the humane and enlightened spirit that always animated him: he freed all the serfs on his estate of Sienniewicze. This memorable instrument, signed on the 2d of April, 1817, declared all his serfs to be free citizens and proprietors of the soil which they had cultivated, and that they should not in future pay any more taxes in money, kind or labor to the lords of the manor. He bequeathed his estate to his niece, Catherine Estkowa, and her children.

He wished his funeral to be as simple as possible, and that six poor men should carry his coffin to the grave.

In August, 1817 he visited, with Zeltner, a friend at Vevay, on the Lake of Geneva. He insisted on ascending a mountain on horseback; on returning the horse stumbled and bruised his rider. He was removed to Soleure. On the 1st of October, he was attacked with a serious nervous fever*; he was attended by the best physi-

*Other accounts say it was typhoid: and the cause of death has also been given as a fall from his horse, and a fall over a precipice.

cians of Soleure, Zurich and Berne. The fever increased, and on the 15th of October, 1817, one of the noblest men that ever lived breathed his last in the arms of his friend Zeltner, surrounded by his weeping family.

The dying moments of Kosciuszko was a scene of thrilling interest. His righteous soul, as if voluntarily retiring to rest, weary of life's toils and cares, now plumed itself for Heaven as the cold and stern hand of death gradually sundered the mortal ties which bound it to earth. His strong hand, which had never drawn a sword but in the cause of human freedom, had never dealt a blow except at the hearts of tyrants, gave now its last affectionate grasp to surrounding friends. That eloquent innocent tongue, which had never been heard except in the cause of humanity, which had roared at the head of armies like thunder on the distant hills, which had frequently been heard in the silent watches of the night to breathe the devotions of the pious heart which gave it utterance, now, like love's soft whisper, sighed its last farewell on earth. That eagle eye, which had formerly thrown its piercing glance over the ranks of advancing hosts with a far-seeing vision, which could accurately scan the forces arrayed against him, now gave its last look on friends and all earthly things with a calmness and sweetness that seemed to disarm death of all terrors, and then quietly turning to Heaven, closes on all earthly scenes. The soul and body of this great man, which had acted in concert for the good of the world for seventy-one years, now take their last parting leave; as the sun, the glorious king of day, gently retires to his quiet repose, and his beaming eye closes in the beautiful sunset, so the pure and noble spirit of Kosciuszko gently and serenely retired from the world, and resumed converse with Washington in Heaven.

His moral powers were in every way equal to his mental, and worthy of a truly great man. His benevolence was universal, embracing the high and the low; his last dollar and his only meal were the property of the first needy peasant; his love for his race

was without a limit. Such a character could not and did not fail to command the respect of all. His whole character has passed into history, poetry and song; and surrounded by a halo of immortal fame, it will roll along the ages to come, as a bright beacon to guide the patriot, the soldier and the philanthropist to deeds of daring in the cause of human progress, as connected with Liberty; and the downfall of all the barriers that have been raised against it by the acts of tyrants, who claim that their power comes *Dei Gratia*.

Deep is the sleep of the Hero. When shall it
 Be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer
 Awake? Thou art swift as the roe on the
 Desert. Thy sword in battle as lightning
 In the field. Thy voice was like thunder on
 The distant hills. Many fell by thy arm,
 But when thou didst return from war, how
 Peaceful was thy brow. Like the moon in the
 Silence of night.—Calm as the breast of the
 Lake, when the loud wind is laid.

—*Ossian*.

When the news of the death of Kosciuszko became known, all Europe resounded with praises of his exalted character. His heart is buried under a monument at Zuchwil*, in Soleure; his body was embalmed and placed in the vaults of the Jesuit Church. All the women in Poland, from the highest to the lowest, went into mourning. Zeltner advised the Emperor Alexander of the death of Kosciuszko. The esteem in which the Emperor held the Polish chief is shown by his ordering that funeral ceremonies should be conducted in all the churches of Poland. These imposing ceremonies were celebrated not only by the Catholics, but by the Greeks and Protestants, and also by the Hebrews and the Moslems in the bounds of that once great country. The Emperor appointed Prince Anton Jablonowski to proceed to Soleure, obtain a special conveyance, and escort the remains to Cracow. The Prince pro-

*Or Tuchwil

cured a costly carriage from Paris, saw to all the arrangements, and attended by the Zeltners, removed the body to Cracow, where it was deposited in the funeral vaults of the Kings of Poland by the side of the tombs of Prince Joseph Poniatowski, his friend and patriot compeer, and of John Sobieski, the great soldier and champion of Christendom, the deliverer of Vienna. The mortal remains of the Republican hero, who began his career under Washington, and ended his days in the birthplace of William Tell, now slumber quietly in a red marble tomb, ornamented with the cap and plume of the Polish peasant, and bearing the simple inscription: T. Kosciuszko.

In the environs of Cracow, on an elevated piece of table-land, is an immense mound of earth, raised as a monument to Kosciuszko; it is three hundred feet in diameter, and one hundred and fifty feet high. The nucleus of this monument was laid by General Pozkowski, who in 1819, wheeled a barrow full of earth and bones from the battle field of Wraclawice, and deposited it at the center; he next deposited in a marble coffin a bust of the Polish chief, with his biography, and placed by its side an urn, containing some of the earth from the field of Macieiowice, where Kosciuszko was wounded. Then the spectators, who had assembled in tens of thousands, all contributed to raise the mound by voluntary labor; earth was brought from every battle field in Poland, and so great was the enthusiasm, that wounded soldiers brought earth in their helmets, and women in their slippers, pilgrims from afar brought earth from their homes in sacks, and on this mound was unfurled a banner, amid the acclamations of assembled thousands, with the simple, but soul-stirring inscription:

KOSCIUSZKO THE FRIEND OF WASHINGTON.

The eighteenth century was prolific in great men, but in the long list there were no other two whose characters excited so much admiration, whose deeds called forth such eloquent eulogies from

philanthropists, scholars and statesmen in every country and clime, as were accorded to Kosciuszko and Washington. What was said of one might be said of the other. They were beacon lights set on high pinnacles, to shed undying lustre on all as they advance in progress, prosperity, purity and patriotism, during ages as they roll on to eternity.

Probably the most eloquent and stirring eulogy that ever fell from the lips of, or was conceived by the brain of man, was on the character of Washington by a British statesman. (See Appendix H).

FINIS

APPENDICES

(Appendix A.)

In most of the memoirs of Kosciuszko, and histories of the battles in which he played so distinguished a part, it is asserted that when he fell in the battle of Macieiwice, he exclaimed, "*Finis-Poloniæ.*" This is a great error; those words were put in his mouth by the enemies of Poland. He was a modest man, and did not believe that all of Poland was wrapped up in his existence. The Poles are a living fact to-day, in spite of massacres, confiscations, banishments and torture inflicted on them to destroy their nationality; they are as much united in feeling, and as thoroughly national as they ever were. In a letter to Count de Ségur, author of "*La Decade Historique,*" he says: "Ignorance or bad faith persists in putting in my mouth the words '*Finis-Poloniæ,*' which I am said to have pronounced on the fatal day of Macieiwice. In the first place, before the end of the battle I was all but mortally wounded and only recovered my senses two days afterwards, when I found myself in the hands of my enemies; moreover, if such an expression would be foolish and criminal in the mouth of any Pole, it would be a great deal more so in mine. The Polish nation, in calling on me to defend the country's integrity, independence, glory and liberty, knew very well that I was not the last Pole, and that with my death on the field of battle or otherwise, Poland could not and would not end. All the Poles have done since then, in the glorious Polish legions, and all they will yet do in the future to recover their country, must be regarded as proofs that we, though the devoted soldiers of this country, are mortal, Poland is immortal, and no one has the right to say or report the outrageous expression, '*Finis-Poloniæ.*' What would the French have said, if

at the fatal battle of Rossbach in 1757, Marshal Charles de Rohan, Prince of Soubise, had cried out '*Finis-Galliæ,*' or if such cruel words had been attributed to him by his biographers?"

(Appendix B.)

Bristol was in those days, and before the discovery of Liverpool, the chief port of the west of England, and a city of much importance. It contains a fine old cathedral, in which pious and devout Britons were wont to offer up fervent prayers of thankfulness to the Supreme Being for the safe arrival of their well laden slave-ships from the Guinea coast, and it was here that the young and rich planters of Virginia and Carolina were received with the greatest attentions on landing, and shown the "prime articles of trade" that these devout merchants dealt in!

(Appendix C.)

Dr. Warner* in his *Literary Recollections* speaks of seeing Kosciuszko at the house of Mr. Vanderhorst, and says: "I never contemplated a more interesting human figure than Kosciuszko stretched on his couch; his wounds were still unhealed, he was unable to sit upright, a black silk handkerchief crossed his fair and high forehead, beneath it his dark eagle eye sent forth a stream of light that indicated the steady flame of patriotism which still burned within his soul, unquenched by disaster, wounds, weakness, poverty and exile; his conversation replete with fine sense, lively remarks, sagacious answers, evinced a noble understanding and a cultivated mind."

(Appendix D.)

LETTER OF KOSCIUSZKO TO MRS. GEN. A. W. WHITE, WHILE
AT PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1798.

I am not at rest, Madame, before I obtain your Pardon in full extend and force, for the trouble I gave you during my stay

*Rev. Richard Warner, London 1880.

at your house. The uneasiness hangs on my mind and my feelings suffer greatly. I was perhaps the cause of depriving you (of) a pastime more suited to your inclination or satisfaction than wyth me; you never was out on a visite: you was pleaded to inquirers every day, what I like or dislike every wyshe was complied (with) every thought was prevented (anticipated), to make my sytuation more comfortable and agreeable—let me read in your answer of forgiveness, and I beg Elisa to solicit (intercede) for me.

I am too much indebted to you to express in words corresponding to my obligation and gratitude: let (it) suffice that I will never forget neither the memory will cease for a moment in my breast. May the Goddess of health, wealth, content and happiness attend you the whole live; wyth perfect respect, esteem and sincere friendship, if you will allow me

Madame

Your Humble and Obedient Servant,

T. Kosciuszko.

COPY OF LETTER BY GENERAL KOSCIUSZKO TO MRS. GEN. A. W.

WHITE

Philadelphia.

MADAME:

Could I express half so well my ideas, and in so masterly a manner as yours, I would write the inward sentiments of heart so clear and convincing, that there would not remain any doubt of my sincerity in the other's breast, if even it should be called in question. My gratitude and reciprocity of affection, as I am not able to do so by style, I approach nearer the nature of truth, which can point blank at the feelings. You were pleased to write me that you were happy in my company, and in doing everything for me, but this only shows the good heart of yours; and you do not grant the pardon for the trouble I gave you. When shall I have, at least the analogy that you have found in me? The present I send you before, is of equivocal conception and may turn both ways. But

you shall not mistake of my likeness. I sent you this *my uncertain fortune* always up and down, meeting in his way with difficulties and inconstancy. But calm and giving welcome to every one, without hurting anybody, and always ready to give a bouquet of his bundle of flowers, accompanied with good wishes for friends and enemies. My best respects to Miss Ellis. Send me a pardon, madame, in a formal lawyer's parchment, and signed by yourself.

Your humble and obedient servant, friend—let me see what more—affectionately, with due respect and esteem,

T. Kosciuszko.

(Appendix E.)

— THE WILL OF KOSCIUSZKO, MADE IN THE UNITED STATES, IN 1798.

I, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, being just on my departure from America, do hereby declare and direct, that should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, I hereby authorize my friend, Thomas Jefferson, to employ the whole thereof in purchasing negroes from among his own or any others, and giving them liberty in my name, in giving them an education in trade or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition, in the duties of morality, which may make them good neighbors, good fathers or good mothers, husbands or wives, in their duty as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, of the good order of society, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful, and I make the said Thomas Jefferson, executor of this.

5th of May, 1798.

T. Kosciuszko.

(Appendix F.)

JOHN SOBIESKI, the lion-hearted King of Poland, was in his day the greatest and most feared soldier in Europe, for wherever he carried his banners, victory perched on them. He had been a staunch partisan of Louis XIV., but as a Christian knight and a noble Pole, he had vowed inextinguishable hostility to the Mos-

lems; his grandfather, his father and his brother, had perished by the sword of the Turks.

When the Turks were arming against Germany, his alliance was sought by Louis and Leopold; but throwing his sword in the scale of the latter, he armed himself for one of the greatest struggles ever fought in Europe, or recorded in the annals of history.

In 1683, the Turks 300,000 strong, led by Kara-Mustapha, the Grand Vizier, were under the walls of Vienna.

The Emperor, the dastardly Leopold, had fled to Linz.

Sobieski, the King of Poland, now fifty-four years old, was the only man in the world the Germans could look to for protection; the Empire looked to him to be its savior. Europe looked on him as the bulwark of Christendom; he had at his feet the Ambassador of the Empire and the Nuncio of the Pope.

The Turks had been before the walls of Vienna for eight months, with the best artillery in Europe; they had breached the heretofore impenetrable walls in many places. The great bastions which had defied storm and lightning for centuries, were crumbling in ruins before their batteries. Famine, disease and the sword had cut off two-thirds of the garrison, the miserable inhabitants, bankrupt in fortune, worn out by incessant toil, disappointed in long deferred hopes, yielded to the agonies of despair.

STARHEMBERG, the Governor, announced to the trembling people the necessity of surrendering in three days, unless relieved; and from what quarter did relief come? Was it from liberty-loving France? No! Was it from good pious old England? No! Was it from powerful Russia? No! Was it from those dastardly Prussians, who subsequently murdered Poland, and have ever since stood over her ghastly corpse with sabre and lance, fearing that the weltering victim might possibly resuscitate? No! It was from that very victim, the once noble, generous, far-famed Poland, that relief came in this dismal hour of forlorn extremity. And

what did generous Poland receive for all this kindness? Not a dollar, not one grateful word or look, but treachery, robbery and assassination from the hands of the Germans.

Then what is man, and what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush
And hang his head, to think himself a man?

The sun had retired to his evening rest among the golden clouds of the far west, and vanished from the sight of the suffering Germans in Vienna and the ferocious Turks in camp; darkness had thrown her pall over the despair within the city and the jubilant licentiousness of the camp without; the sentinel in the great tower of St. Stephen, peering into darkness trying to see some sign on which to hang a hope; the man of prayer bows down in deep devotion before the God of battles, and invokes his aid, but no aid comes. The moon comes now in the silence of the night to the assistance of the desponding watch; he again casts his anxious eyes along the horizon, as the queen of night lights up, in the far distance, the field of his vision; at last he sees a blazing flame on the summits of the Kalemberg; one more anxious look revealed the joyful sight of an army about to descend the ridge. The thrilling news ran like electricity through the city. Telescopes on every tower were turned in that direction.

The brilliancy of their lances, and the splendor of their banners. soon confirmed the joyful tidings that the hussars of Poland, the conquerors of Osmanlis and the hero of Chocim were approaching for the relief of Vienna.

I see them on their winding way,
About their ranks, the moon-beams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high,
Blend with the notes of victory.

The Turks knew that the advance of the Poles was a signal for them to fight or run. They began to see the ghosts of Chocim in the camp; they talked of John Sobieski with the same shaking

terror that the ancient Christians used to feel when they thought his Satanic Majesty was at their elbow.

That was a momentous night, for all knew that the terrible conflict was approaching that would in a few short hours settle the question, whether the Crescent or the Cross should float, not only over the walls of Vienna, but over all Europe; for with Vienna once taken the road was open to Paris, and would have presented less impediments to the Turks in those days, than it did when Napoleon in later days traveled it, with success, in the opposite direction.

It was on Saturday, the 11th of September, when Sobieski encamped his army of 70,000 men on the summit and steps of the Kalemberg, to give them a little rest. He was disappointed at the absence of the Cossacks, whom Minzwicki had promised to bring into the field, as these troops had proved in former battles to be the best of scouts. The King knew that he would be obliged to expose his splendid body of hussars in this service.

The vast plain bordering the Danube, on which the great army of the Turks was encamped, was spread before the King, as his eagle eye surveyed it from the summit of the Kalemberg and picked out the weak points of the enemy's lines and positions.

On Sunday, September 12th, the mighty struggle between the Crescent and Cross commenced at break of day. The Christians, eager for the fight, descended the mountain slopes in five columns, and rushed down on the plains like mountain torrents. The battle raged throughout the day. The carnage was fearful—the dead and dying strewed the plain.

The Vizier, to prevent a movement of the King, made a blunder, throwing his line in confusion.

The King cried out to his brave Poles: "They are lost men."

Sobieski, at the head of his troops, charged furiously through the Turks, aiming for the intrenched camp of the Sultan, whom

he found toward night in a magnificent scarlet tent, sipping coffee with his sons.

Surrounded by his powerful squadrons, Sobieski was recognized by the streamers that adorned the lances of his guards. The handsomest prince in Europe, in a magnificent dress, with his bow and quiver of gold at his back, and mounted on a majestic war-horse, together with the enthusiasm which his presence everywhere excited, all contributed to strike terror into the ranks of the foe.

With this imposing array, the hero of Christian Europe with his trusty squadrons, like so many thunderbolts from Heaven, dashed through the plain with sabre and lance directed at the heads and hearts of the trembling Turks, shouting his battle-cry, "*God for Poland!*" while his intrepid followers cried "SOBIESKI! SOBIESKI!" and then chanted the well-known verse, "*Non nobis, non nobis, Domine, sed tibi sit gloria.*"

This gave the first intimation to the Moslems that the dreaded hero of the Christians was at their head.

The Sultan Gieray and the Tartar Khan exclaimed: "By Allah! The King is with them, sure enough!" The consternation among the infidels was extreme. Some columns stood for awhile like stone walls, but in vain did they display the courage of their race; they could not stand the shock of the charging columns of the hussars under Prince Alexander, that swept through them like a tornado, each man crying, "*God defend Poland!*" It was a little too much for the human nature of even stoical Turks. They turned and fled in confusion and dismay, making confusion worse confounded as they fled, with the powerful Polish horses at their heels and Polish sabres at their heads. Something of the same kind, but on a much smaller scale, was recently seen in Egypt, when the claymore of the Scot clove the skull of the unresisting Fellah, as he was making haste to get beyond its reach.

Kara Mustapha gave up in despair, exclaiming to the Kara of the Crimea as he passed the fugitives: "Can you not aid me?" He answered: "I know the King of Poland, and I told you that if we had to deal with him all we could do would be to run away." Mustapha strove in vain to rally his panic-stricken troops. Thousands lay dead on the field, among them six Pachas. The remnant of this mighty host were "on the wing," straining every nerve to place as much distance as possible between themselves and the camp before night closed in. Kara Mustapha had to follow in their tracks.

This awful crisis in the history of nations was over. The cause of Christianity and civilization had triumphed, and the Mussulman power fled from Europe, never more to return.

At six in the evening Sobieski entered the Turkish camp and took possession of the scarlet tents of the Sultan and Vizier. A slave brought to him the charger and golden bridle of Mustapha. The hero of the battle, taking the bridle, ordered one of his aids to hasten to the Queen of Poland and say that he who owned that bridle was vanquished.

The following morning revealed to the victors the magnitude of their glorious victory. The vast plain was covered with trophies of war, containing the choicest treasures of the East! The countless masses of the Orientals had disappeared, but these gorgeous spoils—their Arabian horses, their camels and their wealth of all kinds—covered the ground.

The entry of the King into Vienna the next day, through a breach made by the ferocious Turks, was a soul-stirring scene in this drama, that seldom falls to the lot of history to record. The streets were filled with people of every age, sex and condition, whose hearts and eyes overflowed with joy as they gazed on their glorious deliverer, and made the heavens ring with their shouts of

victory and grateful praise. They followed him to the Cathedral of St. Stephen's, where he went, and assisted him to chant a *Te Deum* in humble praise to the God of Hosts. It was there, in the midst of this scene, that a priest announced from the altar that memorable text: "There was a man sent from God, and his name was John."

This sketch of SOBIESKI and his great battle has nothing to do with the life of Kosciuszko, but the life of SOBIESKI and the account of this great battle are among the most interesting matters to be found in history, and should be read in detail by every one who attempts to look into the records of the past.

I give these short sketches to show what metal the Poles were made of, and what odds they dared to encounter long years before Kosciuszko was born.

(Appendix G.)

The bust of Kosciuszko, now owned by the New York Historical Society, is probably the very bust made by Eggenschwiler, as I understand they bought it, not a long time since, of Col. Xavier Zeltner (the son of Kosciuszko's friend, the boy who carried the message on his horse), who came to this country, served as a cavalry officer in our war of Secession*, and died in poverty two years since in Hoboken, N. J.

(Appendix H.)

THE CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

No matter what may be the birth-place of such a man as Washington, no climate can claim, no country can appropriate him—the boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is Eternity, and his residence Creation.

Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, we almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin—

*Our War Department does not confirm this (Ed.).

if the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared, how bright in the brow of the firmament was the planet it revealed to us!

In the production of Washington it does really appear as if nature was endeavoring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new.

As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience.

As a statesman he enlarged the policy of the Cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his council that to the soldier and the statesman he almost added the character of the sage.

A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason, for aggression commenced the contest, and a country called him to the command, Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, Victory returned it.

If he had paused here, history might doubt what station to assign him, whether at the head of her citizens or her soldiers, her heroes or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowned his career, and banished hesitation.

Who like Washington, after having freed a country, resigned her crown, and retired to a cottage rather than remain in a capital?

Immortal man! He took from the battle its crime, and from the conquest its chains, he left the victorious the glory of his self-denial, and turned upon the vanquished only the retribution of his mercy.

Happy, Proud America! The lightnings of heaven could not resist your sage, the temptations of earth could not corrupt your soldier.







